

The Innis Herald



Franz-mania Page 9:

A review of their October 18th concert, and why the band is just so damn good

The Innis Herald

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Innis Herald Community

Poster Wars

Jennifer Charles suggests an alternative way to support student groups at U of T

Students are quick to denounce U of T for handing out degrees with a serious dose of anomie, and rightly so. We have a problem here at U of T and it is not a lack of student involvement in activities and clubs. For instance, SAC estimates that there are approximately 382 campus clubs. The problem is a lack of effective communication between clubs and their target audience, related to the limited space in which clubs may advertise their events campus wide. While helping a friend put up posters for a club event I was extremely disheartened to see that ten minutes later every poster I had put up on U of T approved poster space had already been posterized over or ripped down. Though I will not point the finger at some of the most offending clubs for fear of an angry backlash (they obviously have spies everywhere waiting to ravage their competitors), I will say that it is disappointing that SAC referendum posters calling for students to vote in support of clubs were commandeering key club advertising space.

The administration at U of T is beginning to wake up to the fact that student life and the 'student experience' at U of T is pretty pathetic, and that the only thing drawing students to U of T is the elusive belief that is a good university with an international reputation. There are murmurs of proposed projects to reach out to commuters and get students more involved in the university community and I think the issue of public space for student advertisement is crucial to the success of these initiatives.

tives.

Supporting clubs with adequate funding is undoubtedly important, but giving them an outlet and a voice allows them to do what they do best, that is, getting students interested, involved and fostering a sense of community. Electronic advertising such as listservs can be highly effective, but non-college affiliated organizations face the problem of getting people to join their listserv in the first place.

I realize that the issue

of poster space sounds petty, but as I was putting up posters in Sid Smith, a student doing the same thing beside me offered a well intended suggestion: "If you want anybody to see them, you have to redo it every couple of hours". The futility of the whole thing infuriated me. For one thing, poster etiquette is important. Clubs exist to fill a niche. They are distinctive and are therefore not competitive. Students themselves have a responsibility to respect that space is limited. No one club should poster over the entire board, essentially cen-

soring what students read and thus limiting their access to events in which they may be interested. Above all, if 'the powers that be' at U of T are looking for suggestions to improve student life, I think more poster space could go a long way. Clubs want people to get involved, and supporting them predominantly with monetary resources simply enables them to print more posters to put up more frequently, covering more surface area. The futile cycle continues, speeds up and increases in intensity and I would like to see this stop.



"Ahhh my essay freakin sucks!"

If this sounds familiar, then you need to visit...

The Innis College Writing Centre

Appointments: (416) 978-2513 or at the Registrar's Office

www.utoronto.ca/innis/services/writing.html

Psst, Commuters:

Do you feeling disconnected?
Are you out of the Innis loop?



Then join the Herald listserv and connect with your College newspaper! We want you to be in the know about our social events, meetings and submission information. Email innis.herald@utoronto.ca to be added.

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2 Sussex Ave, Innis College



When you've eaten enough Cora's to last a lifetime, eat something decent for a change!

Good food, great juice,
the best service,
(Trust us, our office is across the hall)

Darfur: Another Rwanda We'll Regret When It's Over?

Kaitlin Bardswich updates us on the crisis in Sudan

On October 6, STAND (Students Taking Action Now – Darfur) held an event to inform the U of T student body about the crisis occurring in the Darfur region of Sudan.

Throughout the day, members of STAND manned tables at the Medical Science building and Sidney Smith to collect donations for Doctors Without Border/ Médecins Sans Frontières, since October 6 was the International Solidarity Fast for Darfur. Students were encouraged to give up a meal or luxury item (i.e. coffee,



snack, walk instead of subway) and donate the money saved to MSF. Over \$250 was raised. Then, at 1 pm that day, Dr. Norman Epstein and Dr. Acol Dor, co-chairs of Canadians Against Slavery and Torture in Sudan, spoke to students in the Innis Residence Events Room. At 8 pm, a screening of a National Film Board of Canada documentary entitled *War Hospital*, about the world's largest field hospital located in northern Kenya and which treats many patients from Sudan, was shown in the events room.

Darfur is the forgotten place. Or so it seems to me at times. It is a repeat of Rwanda – remember the 1994 genocide that world leaders swear will never happen again? Well, as Dr. Epstein stated, “never again” has become a euphemism for inaction.” So what exactly is hap-

pening in Darfur? Well, just as a brief summary because the issue is very complex, Sudan was created in 1955 under British colonial rule. Christianity reigned in the south, Islam in the north. The British did nothing to develop the south, which resulted in religious strife and a jihad of Muslims versus Christians for nearly 20 years.

Then, in 1983, oil was discovered. This resulted in another war that lasted until 2002, with 5 million people forcibly displaced and 2 million killed, mainly in the south. Dr. Dor's father was one of those killed; she painfully spoke about witnessing her father's death as a 7 year old: “they tortured him and he was killed...he was not buried. He was left for the birds to eat him.” After hating everything Arab for over 10 years, she had a dream about her father in which he told her that her hatred was only hurting her, not those who had killed him. He told her to forgive. Now, she says that she doesn't hate the soldiers of the Sudanese government who killed her father; but she hates what they are doing. And the same thing that occurred in South Sudan is happening now in Darfur. “This is my time to stand up for another kid, in Darfur,” Dr. Dor

explained.

In 2002, peace talks began within the international community. Meanwhile, Darfur (in western Sudan) experienced episodic violence between the Arab shepherds and the African farmers. The people in Darfur saw the peace talks between the North and the South and were angry that they were not included. So in February 2003, a rebellion began. They didn't play the religion card, but rather that of ethnicity, which was used to attract soldiers into the government-backed Janjaweed militias, which are called “devils on horseback” by civilians. Over a two-year span, 400,000 people have been killed (a conservative estimate), many by a contrived famine and drought often caused when the Janjaweed kill and then throw the bodies into wells, destroying the water supply. The Janjaweed also summarily execute men of military age and rape, enslave, and mutilate Darfur's people.

Those who are not killed are displaced – 2.5 million people is the estimate. But the Janjaweed guard these camps, making it impossible for humanitarian agencies to gain access because there is no safe passage. As a result, Dr. Epstein believes that a multinational force is needed so that humanitarian aid can reach those in need. However,

this force will most likely have to come from outside the United Nations since, he explains, it is unlikely the UN Security Council will agree on an intervention plan since China gets its oil from Sudan and Russia gives its old weapons to Sudan, so both will object. Dr. Epstein stated that there needs to be more troops, properly armed, to disarm the militias. The number he gives is 15,000 soldiers, which isn't much considering that there were 36,000 responding to the hurricane in New Orleans. However, a natural disaster with one indisputable enemy is much easier to deal with than a two-sided conflict. This is perhaps why the media has failed Darfur, after covering such events as the tsunami and Hurricane Katrina so effectively.

Students can help. On October 6, over 60 campuses across Canada, the United States, and overseas participated. Thousands of student voices need to be heard so that the media, and consequently the world, will take notice. So get out there and help! Write your MP, stage a protest, or just get informed.



Don't let the world stand idly by, as they did in Rwanda, only to proclaim once it's over that it will never happen again. If we don't do anything, it will happen again and again and again. See page 4 for Darfur statistics

Aftermath of the Earthquake

Vaquas Shaikh reports on the disaster in South Asia

A devastating 7.6 magnitude earthquake took the lives of thousands. Too many of the dead were children whose schools had collapsed on them. As devastating as this was,



many survivors find the aftermath to be worse. Those who were fortunate enough

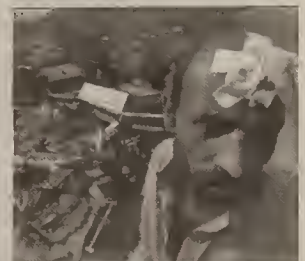
to be rescued now wait at tent hospitals in blood soaked cots or on littered floors. Their injuries are quite severe – broken or crushed bones are common. To make matters worse, most wounds are infected and without immediate medical attention, they can be fatal. Even with doctors and nurses working around the clock, many victims aren't getting the care they need. There is an urgent need for medical professionals and supplies.

The earthquake has also reduced entire villages to rubble. While some victims sleep in tents, the majority spends bitter nights in the open ruins. Journalist Justin Huggler of



The Independent quotes survivor Mohammed Zubair of Battamori as saying “We wish we had died in the quake. It would have been better than to see the bodies of our relatives, to see our homes destroyed.”

The area inhabited by earthquake victims is now devastated, and with snow on the way in 6-weeks, hay-tents and ditches do not suffice as shelter. Immediate action is required. The Muslim Student's Association (MSA) of U of T is one of many organizations collecting food and money for the victims. For more information, you can visit their website at <http://muslim.ca.utoronto.ca/>.



Check it out:

The Hart House Chamber Strings Orchestra

will be having its free Fall Concert on Nov. 20 at 8pm in the Great Hall at Hart House.

Works include Nielsen, C.Ph.E. Bach, J.S. Bach, and Warlock.

The Campaign to Stop Secret Trials

Jennifer Charles examines an alarming issue in the Canadian justice system

On October 18th at the Innis Town Hall, the group Toronto Action for Social Change (TASC)—a subgroup of Homes Not Bombs—held an event titled “Measuring Security Measures”. The event featured a series of short films as part of *The Campaign to Stop Secret Trials*. The films were followed by a panel discussion with Heather Mallick, a columnist for the *Globe and Mail*, Sharryn Aiken, Professor of Law at Queen’s University, and Ahmad Jaballah, the former president of Canadian Council for Refugees and the son of a secret trial detainee. The five films shown at the event dealt with such issues as current detention and deportation practices, racism in the Canadian justice system, security certificates (a controversial provision of the Immigration and Refugee Protection Act), and the defence of rights and freedoms of refugees and non-status immigrants in Canada. *The Campaign to Stop Secret Trials* focuses on the five men currently detained without substantial evidence by the Canadian government in detention centres in Toronto and Ottawa. Their names are Mohamed Harkat, Mahmoud Jaballah, Mohammed Mahjoub and Hassan Almeri, also referred to as ‘The Secret Trial Five’.

The event, both poignant and edifying, pointed to the pitiful lack of media coverage of these issues as a hindrance to the cause. Secret trials, undisclosed evidence, and the threat of deportation and torture sound almost too conspiratorial to be fact. The truth is that immigrants and refugees face a growing trend of repression. The severe lack of media coverage only sustains our illusion of Canada as a safe haven for refugees and a land of opportunity for immigrants. Homes Not Bombs—an Ontario-wide volunteer organization that seeks solutions to violence and discrimination through non-violent action—aims to expose the harsh reality of the racism entrenched in the Canadian immigration and legal justice system.

The issue of security certificates is central to *The Campaign to Stop Secret Trials*. Security certificates are a provision of the Immigration and Refugee Protection Act (IRPA). Under the IRPA, the Canadian Security and Intelligence Service (CSIS) can undergo investigations that lead to the arrest, indefinite deten-

tion and deportation of permanent residents or refugees based on suspicion of terrorism rather than solid evidence. Some may argue that security certificates are necessary for national security in post 9/11 Canada, on the ground that there is very little hard evidence where the threat of terrorism is concerned. They may also argue that security certificates enable officials to take a preventative rather than reactive approach to terrorism. The fact is though that those detained under the provision are victims of the political motivation and systemic racism of CSIS.

Whether or not security certificates are inherently in violation of human rights and civil liberties, violations undoubtedly occur in their implementation. By reducing the onus on concrete evidence, security certificates also allow for increasingly lax procedures of investigation and trial. In a brief sent to members of parliament, Homes Not Bombs indicates that CSIS agents engage in unprofessional and unethical practices. The interview techniques that they employ are discriminatory and there is often a language barrier, causing the detainee to give conflicting or insufficient answers. This type of discriminatory practice hinders the detainee’s credibility and puts them at a disadvantage in a system that already does them a disservice.

Security certificates also lead to unfair trials, as normal courtroom standards and procedures do not apply. Evidence that would usually be inadmissible is admitted in these trials, including rumours, gossip, opinion and testimony gathered in inappropriate ways. As well, there is a serious lack of disclosure of evidence and even of allegations, to the detainee, their lawyer and the public. The withholding of evidence makes the trial fundamentally unfair, as does waiving the standard rules that are in place specifically to ensure fair trials.

Perhaps most alarming is the fact that detainees are held indefinitely while evidence is compiled. Detainees may be held for years without bail and sometimes even in solitary confinement. They are routinely deported and often face the threat of torture or death despite diplomatic assurances from their country of origin. That there is no chance for appeal or opportunity for detainees to clear their name is also alarming. In fact, it is



common for them to face double or even triple jeopardy whether or not there is new evidence to present.

The aim of Homes Not Bombs is to publicize injustices that do not receive adequate media coverage. Their goal is to transform these injustices through non-violent, confrontational direct action, and to do this they need support. Though we may all feel disgust at this travesty, few of us are actually taking it seriously. This is not your everyday, over-the-top, ineffectual activism, so please visit www.homesnotbombs.ca, read more about it and see what you can do to lend your support. Make our illusory Canada a reality and advocate equal treatment under the law for all residents.

Darfur Statistics: Why It’s Genocide

Kaitlin Bardswich presents the stats

As of September 2005:

- 400,000 people have been killed
- 2.5 million are displaced
- 3.5 million are starving

(from www.darfurgenocide.org)

As of June 2005:

- 500 people are dying each day, with 15,000 dying each month
- 80% of children under 5 years old suffer from severe malnutrition
- Humanitarian aid organizations having access to only 20% of those affected

(from <http://www.sscnet.ucla.edu/daccampaigns/index.pl?WhatIsTheCrisisInDarfur>)

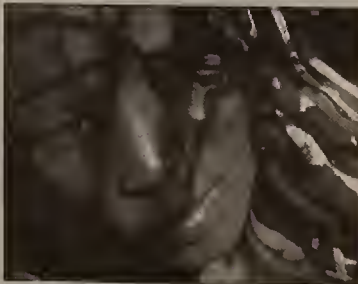
As of September 2004:

- According to the World Health Organization (WHO), the emergency threshold for crude mortality is 1 death per 10,000 people per day. At Kalma Camp in South Darfur, the crude mortality rate is 3.8 per 10,000 people per day.
- According to WHO, the emergency threshold for under-five mortality is 2 deaths per 10,000 children under five years old per day. At Kalma Camp, the under-five mortality rate is 11.7 per 10,000 children.

(from <http://www.cjdi.org/humanitarian/bsr/sudan/is152.html>)

What You Can Do

- Get informed! Learn everything you can about what’s going on in Darfur and encourage others to do the same so that no one can claim ignorance.
 - Visit such websites as www.savedarfur.org, www.savedarfur.org, www.standcanada.org, and www.darfurgenocide.org
- Write your MP. Nothing will get done unless we convince our MPs that we want Canada to do something.
- Fundraise and donate the money to humanitarian-relief organizations such as the Red Cross, Doctors Without Borders/Médecins Sans Frontières, Ve’ahava, Oxfam International, and The International Rescue Committee.
- Remind yourself and others about Darfur’s crisis. Wear a green ribbon, sign a petition, or set your homepage to a website on Sudan.



Looking for lascivious lust or longing for love? Leo's Love Tips for the Lost and Loveless has it all

Leonard Elias, resident 'sexpert'

Dear Leo,

If this guy likes me then why is he still with his girlfriend? Why did he make out with me? Is it his move or mine?

Signed,
Wanna Be The New GF


Okay, WBTNGF This is probably not what you want to hear, but it's what you have to hear. It sounds to me like you want me to insult this guy and call him a manipulative jerk. I'm not sure, maybe he is. But maybe not.

He's probably two faced. Now, keep in mind that being two faced is not in and of itself a bad thing. It is the way he chooses to live his life. Now it may not be the kindest way, but I don't think it's our place to judge. Exercise caution. It's very easy to judge other people and decide that they treated you badly. Think about it and look back on the situation: did you know he had a girlfriend? Did he lie to you? Did he mention the word 'fling'? Did you two exchange loving words?

What I'm saying here is if he tricked you, then dang, he tricked you. That blows and yes, he's a jerk for doing it. But what are you going to do about it? Don't trick yourself. Do you think he really cares about you or were you just a fling? Do you really care about him or do you just want to beat this other girl? Don't let yourself get manipulated by him or by yourself.

Now if you aren't in this for love or strong emotions, then you have an opportunity to have a little fun. Chances are, you will be hurting someone's emotions: his, hers, yours — maybe all three. But let's be honest, wounds heal and if you aren't going to have a little fun now, when are you? Just don't let the knives cut too deep, scars can happen. Here's my final answer: I don't know. He was probably lonely, and it's your move. Just be sure to sit down and reflect on what you want to do before you jump in headfirst.

Love, Leo



Love life not exactly all 'kittens and teddy bears and cherubs and wild passionate love-making'?

If you are longing to end your languishing in love... write Leonard at: leonard.elias@utoronto.ca

True love awaits you

Union: Love may not actually be true

Dear Leo,

I was having a late night conversation with some friends and they posed the question for me that as a lesbian, how do I define 3rd base? Could you please explain the whole base system and get them out of their close-minded attitude?

Signed,
Raging Bull Dyke

Dear RBD,

Ah, the base system. For those unsure about what "base system" RBD is talking about, we're talking about the system that horny adolescent boys use to define how far they've gotten with a girl. You may have overheard or said at one point "I got to second base!" This is the system that we are talking about.

This dates back to early twentieth century America. Before world wars, depressions and knowledge of sexually transmitted diseases, there were only two things that young heterosexual men cared about: girls and baseball. It was only a matter of time before the two subjects fused to create the "base system" as we know it today.

For a guy talking about his exploits with a girl, the base system couldn't be simpler: 1st — kissing, groping, stuff with the clothes on; 2nd — the shirt comes off; 3rd — the pants come off and various oral events occur; homerun — penial-vaginal intercourse. Generally, only the first and second bases are referred to, considering that triples and homeruns yield more lewd language.

After doing a little research, most homosexual men consider all the bases to be the same with the *slight* difference of the homerun being penial-anal intercourse. The challenge thus ensues with homosexual female lovemaking. Is it fair to demand the presence of phallic for lesbians to hit a homerun? I say no. My honest feeling, RBD, is that you should leave the base system to uncultured snobs who enjoy kissing-and-telling about their various sexual exploits. I believe that when you think you have hit a homerun, you've hit one. Who says that the baseball field really has to have three bases anyway? Incidentally, to any readers familiar with baseball miscellany, homers are much more common than triples!

Maybe we can call it an inside-the-park-homer to make the less open-minded happy.

Love, Leo

Dear Leo,

What do I do if the girl that I like is the roommate of one of my nemeses?

Signed,
Jack Daniels

Dear Jack,

This is the biggest challenge with having nemeses: inevitably there is always something that complicates matters. I can understand the attraction of having a nemesis or two: they supply the Ying to your Yang, they become the perfect scapegoat for almost any problem and they give you a nice round of friendly competition to give you the incentive to improve. (I personally have been looking for a nemesis for the past couple years to no avail. If anyone wants to step up you are more than welcome. You have to be better than me in a few things I consider myself good in, and flash me mean looks every time we cross paths.)

Okay, back to the issue at hand. There are two ways of dealing with this: the first way is honest and empowering and the second is sneaky and underhanded. Let's start with the boring honest one. Speak to this nemesis and tell him that you are tired of all this stupid competition and would rather work with him thus achieving a Batman/Superman-esque power duo. Then after forging a strong, meaningful relationship, you can get to know his roommate better and let the magical sparks fly!

No let's not do that one. Instead, let's get sneaky. You need to find an opportunity to get to know this girl outside of her home environment. I'm assuming that since you don't converse with your nemesis on a daily basis, you know his roommate through some other means. Milk that. Get closer with her. Start becoming good friends with her. Hang out with her more and more. The crucial part is that you cannot hang out with her at her place until you are good friends.

Here's the fun part. When she starts inviting you over, you begin to play with your nemesis more and more. Be very friendly. Not sickly, sugar-coated friendly with a buttermilk flower on top, but just nice enough. Sooner or later she will start saying things like: "I don't know what _____ was talking about Jack, you're so cool!" or "Man Jack, I had you figured all wrong" and so on and so forth.

Not only does this get you the girl but it also lets you get a couple of sucker punches on that no-good, rotten nemesis of yours. The only hard part is to court this little lady, you're going to have to treat her like the nice human being she is. No jerking her around — she doesn't deserve it. She isn't the one who's in the wrong.

Love, Leo



First Year Life Lessons

It only took Melissa Mauter a month to discover the truth about understanding others

I'm going to be an upside down person for Halloween. I love doing Carmen Electra *strip-aerobics* with the girls from Innis intramural soccer. I would never join a sorority and I hate the frat house across the street. My friends say that I'm like a squirrel in traffic when I try to jay walk. I like peaceful, yet adventurous men.

I like to ask everyone their favorite places to study and then go there because I feel like I understand them more. The

way I become un-embarrassed is by telling my embarrassing stories. So here's the question - what kind of person am I?

This isn't leading anywhere deep, just a small fact that I realized during my first month at university. When I first came to U of T I wanted to present myself to everyone in this neat little understandable ball, a gift-wrapped Christmas present. I think it probably had something to do with the rush of trying to find people like me. And since then, I've discovered that this

tactic does not work.

In the course of my trying, I've shifted my attention to the more exciting reality that I can't narrow myself down. Instead I can discover all the ways to connect to different kinds of people—or even the same person. Realizing this has made me judge people a whole lot less.

Not too bad for one of those first-year 'university is so much more than the books' lessons.

Sutures, Sex and Scandal

Christine Creighton has a moral-oplasy while watching *Nip/Tuck*

I've never watched a lot of TV. Growing up, I wasn't allowed to watch the shows that my friends followed religiously, such as *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* (too violent) and *Beverly Hills: 90210* (too sexual). Now that I'm in university and the remote control is out of the hands of my authoritarian parents, I can't think of a better way to make up for lost viewing time than to fall in love with one of the most sexual and violent shows on television, *Nip/Tuck*.

Contrary to popular belief, *Nip/Tuck* is not a reality show detailing gruesome feats of plastic surgery. It's more of a human drama—cleverly-written, quickly-paced, and full of suspense and surprising twists. Initially, I was captivated by the show's depiction of our cultural obsession with youth and beauty, with the surgeons' catch-phrase being "tell me what you don't like about yourself." What began as an intelligent social commentary on morality and narcissism, however, quickly careened out of control as the ridiculous subplots took over. Although the procedures in the operating room are exceedingly graphic in their representation, it is the events outside of the clinic that provoke the most shock and interest. In fact, in recent episodes, the show has had very little to do with plastic surgery at all. For those of you who haven't experienced the glory of *Nip/Tuck*, I should begin by giving you a plot summary to stich up the show's first two seasons. Reader discretion is advised!

Meet doctors Sean McNamara and Christian Troy, best friends and business partners in their Miami-based plastic surgery clinic. Sean, a conscientious family man, upholds the ethical obligations of a good medical practitioner, while Christian, a swinging lothario, opens the office doors to victims of his greed and lust. At first, much of the drama stays within the operating room—until we realize that the doctors' gift for making their patients perfect contrasts sharply with their imperfect personal lives. As the show picks up, it shifts focus from the moral dilemmas of plastic surgery and gravitates towards

Christian's scandalous sexcapades and the intense struggles within the McNamara household, wherein

Sean's eldest son, Matt, has attempted to perform his own circumcision to impress his then-girlfriend, only to walk in on her with a fellow cheerleader to discover that she is a lesbian.

Matt then sets his romantic sights on a woman twice his age named Ava (Famke



Jensen, better known as *X-Men's* Jean Grey)—who conveniently happens to be his mother's life coach and the only person whom his mother has let in on the secret that Christian, and not Sean, is Matt's true biological father as a result of her secret affair with her husband's best friend seventeen years earlier. The creepiness of Ava and Matt's clandestine relationship is enhanced by Ava's incestuous liaisons with her own 16-year-old son, who then attempts to seduce Matt away from his mother so he can have her to himself. Once Christian discovers the truth about Matt's lineage, he does what

any responsible parent would do and solves his son's problem by sleeping with Ava, in an attempt to woo her away from Matt. However, while engaging in the unsavory romp, Christian's extensive vaginal expertise exposes that (gasp!) Ava's a MAN! Alec Baldwin then shows up on the set with his best Dr. Frankenstein impres-



sion to reconstruct Ava's designer vaginer.

Meanwhile, as Matt deals with the fact that his father seduced his transsexual lover, a dangerous sex criminal turns his sights on Sean and Christian. Now if we ignore all of the pesky subplots (lawsuits, disgruntled pa-

tients, rivalries with other surgeons, extramarital affairs, run-ins with the mafia, unplanned pregnancies and hit-and-run accidents, to name a few), this basically brings us up to season three.

Most of my friends have never seen

an episode of *Nip/Tuck*. I try to persuade them to watch it with me, but apparently they have better things to do on a Friday night at 9pm. However, they all have at least one program that they follow faithfully, whether it's *The Sopranos*, *Lost*, *Desperate Housewives* or the ever-popular *O.C.* Before discovering the wonderful smuttiness of *Nip/Tuck*, I could never understand how people could care about shows that depicted such over-the-top drama. After all, if I can't possibly picture myself in the situation, why should I be interested? But soon I realized how ridiculous *Nip/Tuck* was and how addicted to it I had become; this made me question the appeal of the other soap-opera dramas that dominate the airwaves. I asked some friends why the shows kept them hooked, and the common answer was that they were intrigued by the "scandal." I concluded that we all experience a certain degree of *Schadenfreude*, that smart German word describing our secret love of seeing others in states of humiliation and indignity. It's cruel, yes, but at least we're fulfilling our desires through television and not reality.

This brings us to the long-debated question of the moral obligations of television. Every time I watch *Nip/Tuck*, my parents' nagging voices seep back into my brain. On last night's episode as the scene shifted from a transsexual gang beating to an explicitly

graphic threesome, it occurred to me that maybe this was a tad worse than the violence and sexuality of other shows they had forbidden me to watch, such as the morally depraved *Power Rangers* and *Sweet Valley High*. When it comes to the notion that TV turns young people into violent sex fiends, I've always had enough faith in humanity to believe that we're capable of making our own choices—especially by the time we reach university. Short of being brought up by TV alone, I like to think that most of us have received enough moral guidance from some

source or other to know that what we watch on TV tonight should not necessarily be what we go out and do tomorrow morning. We know it's wrong to do, but is it necessarily wrong to

witness in a fictional form? *Nip/Tuck* and other shows like it carry a certain taboo for viewers—"I know I shouldn't watch thee, but..."

Moralistic TV tyrants may disagree, but for anyone who shares my cultural obsession with hilariously hyperbolic scandal, I highly recommend renting the DVD for seasons 1 and 2 of *Nip/Tuck* or even catching a new episode on CTV at the inconvenient time of Friday at 9pm. It's a drama of human imperfection both inside and out—and it contains a numbing injection of smutty goodness.



Looking for great Mexican food?

Look no further!

Marco Covi recommends Mariachi's

Mariachi's Restaurant
Location: 2084 Yonge St. just a 10 minute walk North on Yonge from Davisville station
Phone number: 416-481-7111
Rating: 4/5 enchiladas

If you are looking for a quaint dining experience to begin or end the evening, then Mariachi's is the place for you. It is situated in the posh midtown area of Toronto, but by no means are there prices reflective of the area for the quality of the food you get. You can spend anywhere from \$8-25 on a meal here. Mariachi's is a small and cosy cantina-type family establishment that is candle-lit by evening. It also has a wonderful array of Mexican art in its realm to keep you stimulated as you may have

to wait a while on certain nights. There is also a live Mariachi band that plays a couple of nights of the week but it often depends on which days they are free to perform so it is



best to call and find out. For the most part, reservations are not needed, but on the weekend they can get quite busy during the evenings. Among the menu of succulent items, the best and most filling in my opinion are the gazpacho and cactus stews and the beef and shrimp fajitas. The portions are very generous and the staff is very friendly and as my girlfriend says—"quite sexy." (Both waiters and waitresses!) Overall, I highly recommend dining here; it was a treat.

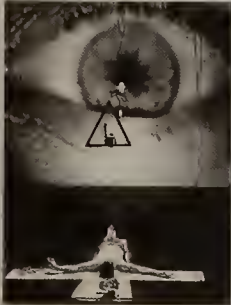
Canadian Theatre is Bigger Than Jesus Leonard Elias' rant about missing the boat

By the time this article is published, *Bigger Than Jesus* will have closed—for the second time. *Bigger than Jesus* was such a popular show in its' 2004-2005 season, winning three Dora Awards (the Canadian Tony equivalent) and receiving such high acclaim from reviewers across the board that the good people at Factory Theatre decided to bring it back for a second round.

And you missed it. (Well, I can't guarantee that. Maybe you did see it. If that is the case, forget this review and move onto my love advice column on page five.)

Bigger Than Jesus was an awesome stage experience. Rick Miller delivered a knockout performance in his one-man show about Jesus and the world's perception of him. With Daniel Brooks directing, the two of them wrote and produced a show that provoked both thought and laughter. While they never bothered to answer most of the theological and social questions posed through the writing or acting, the questions still remain asked. During the play the Jesus phenomenon is called into question for the audience to judge, the point all along. Miller and Brooks humanize Jesus, de-bunking the legend and then leave the audience to decide what to make of the man and the myth.

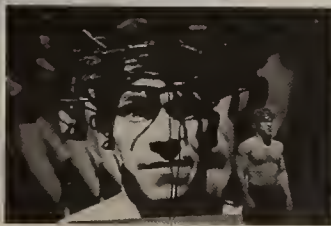
I will go no further into the play. Though I was commissioned to write a review, I refuse to write an elegy. The show has ended and I'm not going to give a play-by-play of what the show was about or created. Rather I urge you to see shows when they happen. Theatre, unlike film, is a living medium.



When a show ends, it dies. Yes, it can be resurrected to a degree, but it will always be living and different for each performance.

There are many great theatres in Toronto that show, sometimes exclusively, Canadian theatre. These are Canadian producers funding Canadian directors to direct Canadian actors paired with Canadian designers to produce a play. These theatres like the Factory Theatre (where *Bigger* was staged), Tarragon, Soulpepper, Theatre Passe Muraille and CanStage are the places to go to see important Canadian productions.

And the best part is that it costs less than the movies if you are intelligent. Factory, Tarragon and TPM have pay what you can Sunday matinees, CanStage has PWYC Monday nights and Soulpepper offers student rush tickets for \$5.



is your opportunity to go see the shows that happen before they appear in the Herald to remind of you of what you should have already seen. Even if you don't think you like theatre, give it a shot. It'll only be \$5 out of your pocket. To quote the founder of Factory Theatre, Ken Gass: "discover Canadian theatre before the Yankees do!"

The Robot Ate Me Chandler Levack reviews *Carousel Waltz* (5 Rue Christine)

Maybe I've already become musically jaded, but it's so rare to review a CD and find out that it's actually good. Better than good—life-changing. And *Carousel Waltz* is just that kind of record.

The Robot Ate Me's junior album (*They Ate Themselves* and *On Vacation* came first) holds many influences. Undoubtedly, T.R.A.M. is of the indie persuasion, but the album flows from folk to jazz-fusion while still maintaining an illustrious pop feel. The songs sound like the kind of music I'd imagine score Brian Wilson's dreams at night—magnificent reverberations of organ, guitar and back-up harmonies. And they're damn catchy too.

Lead singer Ryland Bouchard has an earnest voice that doesn't stop itself from trying to save you. He also writes the lyrics. Spontaneous and beautiful harmonies of the band's diverse orchestration of cello, trombone, and trumpet occasionally spice up Bouchard's ballads. They seem to be about doomed relationships and the girls we want to save and be saved by, but generally they're pretty optimistic.

The best song on the album may just be "Tonight." A bouncy bass-line and cello accompaniment (and are those shakers as percussion?) illustrate how love should sound. And with pointed lyrics like "let's get high with each other while we still have time/let's get by with each other and share our lives tonight"—well isn't that just hipsterdom in a nutshell?

Carousel Waltz appeals to me because of its duality. At times it can sound like a heartfelt folk record and then with a chord change, it becomes the most wonderful score to a French film since *Amélie*. It's boisterous and dramatic and will make you sigh with pleasure.

At this point, I've listened to this album 5 times—and I don't intend on stopping any time soon. The Robot Ate Me's *Carousel Waltz* encompasses lush pop fusion that will take your money and run. Good thing I got this record for free.



Puzzle or Essay? Go Ahead, Give Sudoku a Try Sheryl McLaughlin explains the dangers of addictive number puzzle Sudoku

If you should ever feel the need to take a break from studying but are still sitting with a pencil in hand and maintaining brain activity, you might want to give a Sudoku puzzle a try. While it may take at least an hour away from your study time on the first attempt, eventually 14 minutes will suffice to solve an easy one. If you need a long break or you are on plane to Australia, the hard ones, "fiendishly difficult" as is stated in the UK papers) could take hours. The game, which has the addictiveness of Tetris or a Rubik's cube, is published in many Canadian newspapers in the crossword and puzzle section.

Sudoku is played inside a large square divided into 9 smaller squares which are each sub-divided into nine even smaller squares, for a total of 81 of the smallest size squares. That means that there are nine columns of nine mini-squares, nine rows of nine mini-squares, and nine boxes of nine mini-squares. The goal is to fill each of the 81 squares with a single digit using the numbers 1 to 9. (The word Sudoku means single number in Japanese.) No number can be repeated in one row, one column, or in one box. Yet, the numbers must be placed around the "givens", a few numbers already placed in boxes. A properly designed Sudoku has only one solution, though there have been puzzles designed with up to 1,905 solutions. To avoid such errors computer programs create most Sudoku puzzles.

Solving the puzzle can be accomplished simply by guessing at the placement of all the numbers, but this technique will take ages and is rather frustrating for people who are not ridiculously patient.

Using logic to figure out where the numbers go is a more sensible, quicker, and satisfying tactic. It is nice to know that I am smart enough to solve a number problem using just a little bit of skill instead of trial and error (which can help if

finding the logical solution gets to be too much of a nuisance). Because the puzzles are logical, following the exact same steps can solve each one, therefore some people escape the addictive quality of Sudoku because they find it boring.

Crossword puzzles require previous knowledge and new facts are learned with every one. Sudoku requires deducing what numbers go where based on the numbers that are given originally and the rules of the game. It is very methodical and does not teach new facts. Still, a Sudoku puzzle may help a person improve on logic skills and slow the progression of conditions such as Alzheimer's. For some people working out a puzzle using logic is just the way to start the day. (Or to finish the day or fill it up completely...) One man was quoted as saying that he feels intensely depressed and even suicidal when he doesn't have the chance to complete a Sudoku. It appears that this game may be more extreme than some might think.

Sudoku is not just found in newspapers; there are magazines, books, computer programs, television shows, and even board games exclusively devoted to the game. This is quite impressive, considering the first puzzle printed in a British newspaper (*The Times*) was found less than a year ago in November 2004, and Sudoku was not published

daily in the UK until this past February. However, it is now a constant UK presence and is making an impact worldwide. In Canada, The Toronto Star started publishing Sudoku in May 2005. The tremendous spread of popularity must mean this game is very entertaining and enjoyable, so long as you don't go overboard.

If you'd like to try exercising your brain in a way that does not relate to the courses UoT offers, Sudoku might be an interesting time-waster. Wayne Gould (the man who sold the original idea to the Times), a New Zealand judge, has a website with a few free puzzles, and many more for sale (www.sudoku.com). While the free puzzles are a teaser, money is made from selling more puzzles, software and books. Gould now earns an impressive amount of money for software that he developed as a hobby over six years. Sudoku has also increased readership for newspapers; people are apparently heavily influenced to purchase a paper by the mere presence of a Sudoku puzzle inside.

Do give the puzzle a shot, but remember that this is meant to be a diversion, not something to provide a purpose and meaning to life. Still one does feel wonderful when all the little boxes are full and you know that you are the one who figured it out.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF

OVER 200 PUZZLES!

4		3		8
	6	7		
5	2		3	4
1	2	3		
2	9	8	5	
8		5	4	
6	9		2	7
3		5	9	
	1			6

PETE EMDEN

Music in Review

Marco Covi on music videos

John Legend Soars

Title: "So High"
Artist: John Legend
Producer: Devon "Devo" Harris
Album: *Get Lifted*
Category: Neo-soul

Call him old-fashioned; call him a gentleman; whatever you call him, he is turning into quite a legend, no pun intended. This man has revolutionized soul and in my opinion added some old-school flavour and class back into an industry that has latched on to mainstream hip-hop's ideas of selling an image. In *So High*, John Legend is on a plane voyage passionately wooing his lover, but with such class and poetry that it appeals to a universal audience. His make-out scene on the wing of the plane is a bit too dramatic and maybe even corny but he times it perfectly with the climax of the song which he belts out perfectly and it leaves you with a bit of a shiver. The emotion he portrays is unlike the emotion



that most male artists portray in music videos. He lets it all out, which is rare nowadays. Great effects and camera fades as well.

Melanie Durrant is Going Places

Title: "Let Me"
Artists: Melanie Durrant feat Kardinal Offishall
Producer: Kardinal Offishall
Album: *Where I'm Going*
Category: Funk/hip-hop/R&B

Melanie Durrant has had limited stints of success in the past. Her first CD release, entitled *House Work*, ruffled a few feathers in Canada. Her latest album is set to be released on October 25 of 2005 and will definitely make a much bigger splash in Canada's urban music pond especially with this summer's top 30 hit "Let Me". Although the video is seldom played on Much Music, the song received a lot of radio fame from stations such as flow 93.5, 91.5 The Beat and x103.5.



seem impossible to choreograph. The song is an instrumental medley of sound and with beats masterminded Kardinal Offishall on the track; you know its original and totally home-grown Canadian talent. The video is a little risqué at the end when Melanie throws an undergarment at a guy to keep as a memory of what he could've had. But this is Melanie's style and she plays the sultry voluptuous diva to a tee without undermining her credibility.

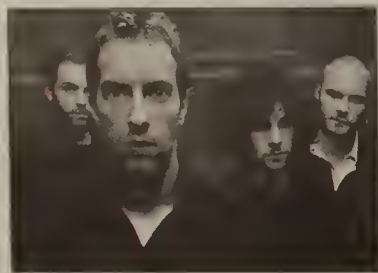
Don't worry Canadian urban music fans, K-OS, Saukrates, Kardinal, Keshia Chante and Maestro made their names in the US and it is only a matter of time before fans get tired of the glitz and fabricated glamour of US hip-hop and start promoting real musicians like Durrant. Go get the album *Where I'm Going* on October 25.

I'm Going on October 25.

The video features fantastic dancers and moves that

Coldplay to Perfection

Title: "Fix You"
Artist: Coldplay
Album: *X & Y*
Category: Emo-rock
Label: Parlophone



If there is one video out there that will give you faith when you're down and out, it's "Fix You" by Coldplay. We've known these guys for mixing the melancholy sounds with

triumphant empowering sounds often even in the same song. They are some of the most musically talented performers out there because their arsenal of instrument abilities is so wide. It's almost like gospel/revival music with an electric guitar and softer vocals. Coldplay's performers are some of the deepest and sincerest out there and have had smashing success and popularity in Europe and the US. This is their latest video, which they released two months ago.

The video shows Chris Martin (lead vocalist) walking on lonely streets in the alleyways and on top of bridges in a city. He walks among lights to guide him to the concert hall in which he is performing his home. He begins to run as the tempo of the song picks up. The lyrics "lights will guide you home and ignite your bones," display beautifully the desperation when all hope is lost and that empowering light at the end of that tunnel that we must strive for in these situations. It seems very vague, but this is the essence of Coldplay. Just like life isn't black and white, neither are their lyrics and conceptualizations in their videos. There are no great effects because none is really needed and I'm sure Coldplay fans wouldn't have it any other way.

By far the best part of the song and video is near the end when the organ, keyboard, guitar blend with the vocal harmony and the tempo of the drums and guitar pick up. Also from Coldplay on their new album is the recent hit "Speed of Sound".

The Old Man and the Street

A Memoir by Wesley McCarthy

There are a few reasons why one should never run to class with one's shoes untied. I will relate this life lesson now, from personal experience.

The other day I found myself, as usual, running late. Because this was mere days before I had purchased myself new shoes that fit snugly and attractively, my foot attire consisted of an old pair of Adidas 'Superstars', circa 2003. I chugged out of the Innis lobby at bun-toning speed while wearing my empty backpack and carrying my two books. As I slid across the sidewalk with my loose shoes barely holding on, I found myself flattered by my own internal compliment: "You are whizzing in and out of pedestrian traffic with the greatest of ease, old man. You are the soul of this team."

Before I could stop smiling at how nicely I had been praised by myself, I found the shoes I had been so recently dependent upon beginning to slip: in my expert weight-shifting, they were losing their faint grip on my feet.

Being that at the time I fancied myself a veteran pedestrian-dodger, I pressed on, only slightly fazed by my shoes' quickly diminishing fastening abilities. In every direction, in the manner of finely-tuned athletes past and present, I ran. I left hot dog vendors, construction workers, religious types, and bleeding hearts in my wake. I leapt on, heel-to-toe, heel-to-toe, bettering the world, living a dream. But my shoes would have none of it. They, like a malicious deity, brought me back down into the realm of man and spoke to all those would-be Promethean giants, smiting my glee and breaking my skewed perception of the world. I was no god.

I pounded the pavement and grew heavier with each step, yet I mistakenly dared to ignore the fact that my leather and rubber foot covers were dangerously close to being left behind. I approached an elderly man who appeared in the sightline of my oxygen-deprived body to have a rather difficult time moving about under his own power, swaying to and fro, like the pendulum of a grandfather clock, each time coming closer to giving into gravity's will. He must have heard me approaching him, a vast and intimidating thunderclap; but he could not unfortunately hear my internal musings of empathy and pity as I paraded through the masses with frivolous and mocking elegance, youth as my fuel, like a nubile and erect fawn approaching a beautiful brook, each muscle in tune with its opposite, and under my total, unflinching and perfect control.

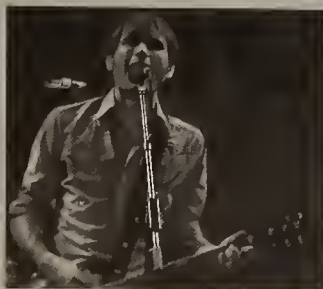
But soon the fawn, with his head in the clouds and his mind drunk with thoughts of perceived strength, was struck down by the bullet of inexperience. I passed the less-abled man and cast one glance over my shoulder. My shoes suddenly and rightfully released their hold from the tips of my lowest vertical limbs. The elderly man was undoubtedly struck by what he must have thought was a cruel and undeserved attempt at impersonation of his challenging physical situation. In passing him, I lost my balance and careened off of invisible obstacles, wounded and teetering, throwing my books about, awkwardly twirling and grabbing at the air like an intoxicated ballerina. Then I stopped for one brief moment, caught by the grain of the cement, then with momentum as my guide, leapt forward like Superman, flew for a millisecond, and belly-flopped into a pool of sidewalk in front of the puzzled and offended old gentleman as well as the occupants of St. George Street, east and west. As he straddle-walked over my now winded and starfish-spread shell of physical prowess, was it an accident that this elderly gentleman kicked one of my textbooks further down the sidewalk, scuffing its cover? Or was he simply laughing to himself that as I had unabashedly cast all worry aside in my attempt to arrive to class and gain this apparently all-important knowledge, that this man had taught me, with no effort of his own (save his heeding to old age), that I had become a true testament to the steadily broadening gap between our generations: patience and acknowledgement; speed and unreliability?

I said, "You don't know?"

Stephen Hutchison reviews Franz Ferdinand live in concert

When history students such as me hear the name Franz Ferdinand, they instinctively think of a raffish Austrian aristocrat whose death precipitated one of the greatest disasters in human history. The growing popularity of Scottish alternative rock band Franz Ferdinand is, however, increasingly changing that image.

From humble beginnings playing in abandoned Victorian courthouses in Glasgow in 2001, Franz Ferdinand has rapidly become an international sensation, attracting—if this concert was any indication—a dedicated and enthusiastic fan base. After releasing an EP entitled *Darts of Pleasure*



in late 2003, Franz Ferdinand became much more widely known for its full-length self-titled album, released in early 2004. Few indeed would be the number of people unfamiliar with the band's flagship song, "Take Me Out." The group has now returned with a second full-length album, *You Could Have It So Much Better*,

a skilful and entrancing effort that surpasses its predecessors. On October 18, Franz Ferdinand played the Ricoh Centre in Toronto, and the *Innis Herald* was on hand.

Unfortunately, the Ricoh Centre was perhaps not the best venue for this event, being filled only to about half capacity. Nonetheless, the band performed with enough showmanship and *gravitas* to make the audience believe that it was in a packed stadium. An impressive light show and rotating posters introduced the band with style and

bombast, thrilling the obviously passionate fans. The audience, though perhaps smaller than one might have expected, was composed of committed fans, who sang along, danced, and cheered with anticipation upon recognizing songs. The audience also contained an amusing collection of eccentric characters, in-

cluding those dressed in traditional Scottish regalia, those wearing anachronistic *Braveheart* style face-paint, and eyebrow-raising dancers of all sorts. One loyal fan, lacking a boyfriend with whom to dance scandalously, resorted to simply fondling herself. Another fan decided that the occasion called for a parody of the mentally handicapped in his dance, which attracted the bemused attention of those around him.

Most bands tend to play extensively from their most recent album, and Franz Ferdinand was no exception during this particular evening. While too great an emphasis on new material is usually a pet peeve of mine at concerts, *You Could Have It So Much Better* is such a high quality album that I very much enjoyed hearing so many of its songs performed. The band's current single, "Do You Want To" was played early in the evening, while "Walking Away" and "You're the Reason I'm Leaving" were highlights of the middle of the opening

set. The sexy and mystical "I'm Your Villain" was a showcase of the late opening set, with an accompaniment by an even higher level of lightshow pomp and circumstance. Two of the album's best songs, the high energy "This Boy" and the darkly sexual "Evil and a Heathen" were reserved for the encore, where they were both immense crowd pleasers. Older songs were of course also played. "Take Me Out" was performed surprisingly early in the show, while favourites such as "The Dark of the Matinee", "Michael" and "40 ft." were also played during the opening set. The early use of "Take Me Out" made the intense and stylish hit "This Fire" the obvious selection as the night's closer, which indeed it was. Also somewhat predictably, a red-themed light show sought to complement the song's fiery lyrics. The finale was, however, nonetheless impressive.

Franz Ferdinand Is Great Robert Anderson explains why

Franz Ferdinand—Alex Kapranos, Nicolas McCarthy, Robert Hardy and Paul Thomson—a band from Glasgow, Scotland has received so much attention over the past 16 months that they may have forgotten how good they are. See them at the Ricoh Coliseum on *Saturday Night Live* and try to notice something different from one year ago. Take for instance, "Take Me Out," their hit song about two people and the tensions of an early relationship or the tensions between two snipers about to shoot one another (depending on how you interpret it). On *Saturday Night Live* they played the song extremely fast, a trademark characteristic of the band's live set, however, a little too fast.

Last year when the twenty and thirty-something lads played the Kool Haus they absolutely blew the roof off the venue. You must understand Franz Ferdinand is the type of band that tries to make music girls can dance to. In other words, they design their songs like a roller coaster ride—to move up and down and change directions whenever they can, even if this means doing what you shouldn't be doing in music. For instance, in "Take Me Out", "Do You Want To", "Your Diary" and "I'm Your Villain" they do what every song is told not to do: slow down almost entirely so as to change beats completely. Much like a roller coaster, you get a thrill from the punchy nature of their songs in addition to having but a faint idea of where you are being taken and how you're getting there. If they aren't breaking the rules of music with hit songs, Franz Ferdinand is critiquing the elite ("Shopping for Blood", "Do You Want To"), thinking about love ("Cheating on You", "This Fire"), or trying to capture the delicacies of the hedonistic lifestyle

("Darts of Pleasure", "Michael", "Fabulously Lazy").

Like most other artists in film and other visual arts, Franz Ferdinand create their music simply by capturing their emotions. Unlike some artists, the feelings put forth in their music are interesting, intelligent, raw, new and most importantly, unique. While you can probably think of many bands that have similar personalities or that appeal to your own style, I challenge you to find a recent artist in music who so closely and accurately transforms their feelings into popular and good songs. Alex Kapranos has remarked that art should be nothing more than loving the expressions of a piece of art, while at the same time having no concern or interest as to how the artwork was created or what it was intended to do. This is how good Franz Ferdinand is.

So strong and convincing are the emotions that they put into their songs that sometimes they face criticism. For instance, both "Swallow, Smile" and "Michael" have lengthy themes of homophobia, and are often used to link the band to homosexuality (even though two of the boys are married, one is dating a girl and the other, well, he's single). The important thing to know, however, is that many of their emotions are not from the heart but the head. In other words, they are true artists as they can create songs that encapsulate emotions that they have imagined. My point is that they are so good because they have the ability to gather up their emotions and create a strong form of art out of it.

Nonetheless, as great as they are, they are only human. In their first year together, they played less than 10 shows (including one in a friend's bedroom for an all-girls' party). The



next year, they increased in popularity, and so too in workload, playing 68 shows. Then 2004 came, in which they played 202 shows. Keep in mind the extra promotional work required of any musician on off-days. Now it is 2005, *You Can Have It So Much Better* has been out for less than two months, and already the band have played 58 shows and have many more upcoming. Once 2006 rolls around, they will have played at least 96 shows in 2005 and are already scheduled for a second tour of North America in February or March for their aforementioned album.

Maybe it's the 338 shows they've played over the last while, or the heavy schedule they have coming in 2006, but Franz Ferdinand look a little bit tired. At the Ricoh Coliseum in October they played through their songs faster than usual (and they usually play very fast). The band entertained the four thousand who showed up in the eight thousand-seat arena (which, I presume, would sell out come February, once everyone has had more than two weeks to listen to *You Can Have It So Much Better*).

With a setlist that is missing the blow-them-away-start-of-past-concert opener "Cheating on You", any song boasting the lead vocals of McCarthy (they dropped "Tell Her Tonight", for instance) and their b-sides ("Van Tango", "Love and Destroy", "Shopping for Blood" were all not played!), the band seemed to be making a statement with their concert.

Highlights included three drummers playing "Outsiders", and the super-climatic "Darts of Pleasure", which saw Alex and Nick jumping off drum kits in order to put the crowd over the top for the encore. Although their music naturally made it a fun night, the band was obviously playing only to give a taste of what is to come in their return to Toronto in the winter. The most obvious signs that this was indeed the case were 1) the early concert date (the CD came out 2 weeks before), 2) the opening bands, and 3) the intricately planned start time (they began to play at 9:15 pm and ended at 10:25—a time when most bands including Franz Ferdinand usually begin their sets).

While they are making money in every city they visit and burn, Franz Ferdinand have forgotten how good they really are. They are not a regular band that can go on a quick tour before their feature tour four months later. They are at a point where they should make one trip to a city and fill out an arena (which they are more likely to do with a CD their fans are acquainted with, and a set-time that begins later than dinner). They should not be playing multiple shows in the same city only months apart. Winter cannot come too soon...

I am super fantastic. I drink Champagne and smoked salmon. I am super fantastic...



by Jennifer Charles

Station No. 15 Nicole Rosas

St. George-
You taught me well.

I have traveled many a station to get to you this year,
and I have passed many a poor man on the street.

But, did I stop?
Only she knows.
Either way,
I have let him down.

Dear saint,
Did you weep for me when I tried,
but I could not reach you?
When the forest of faces was too overbearing and I wanted to cry?
I'm sure you did.

...
...
...

I fear the distance.
I fear that I may not have the fare to pay.

Thank-you,
for the shelter you bore to me every morning, noon, and night.
I was tired, I was weak, and at times I broke in solitary defeat.
In brotherly absence I was afraid to try;
That I might fail.
And afraid to shed a necessary tear;
That I might wail.

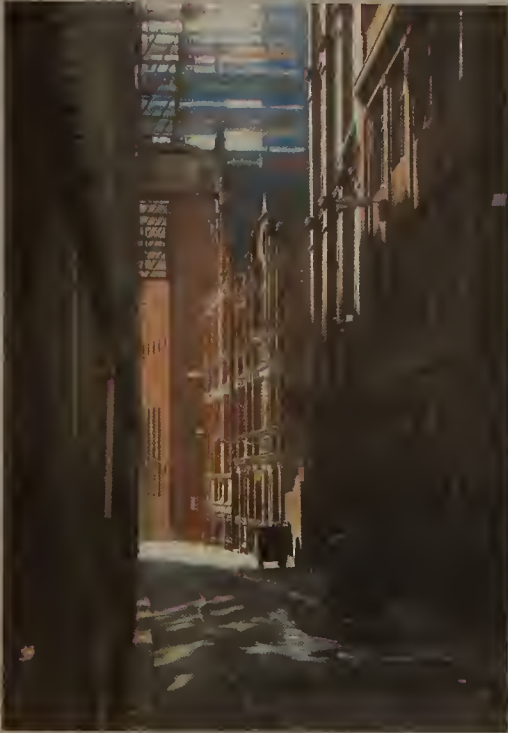
No more.
Every tunnel leads to a new station
Every hallway to a new door
"Be not afraid to enter my child,"
you whisper.

brick wall
Kaitlin Bardswich

it's there.
you can sense it,
barricading you
invisible for all
but you.
enclosing the pain
others have no idea
they kid, joke, pry
in good fun.
doesn't bother you
but if only they
knew
if only they saw
the tears.
if only they heard
the sobs.
if only they could touch
the wall.
they could vanquish it,
build a door,
climb over and
rescue you.
perhaps then you could feel
their love.



"Cathedral" by Gillian Cerbu



"Dumpy" by Gillian Cerhu

October's Voice
Janice Chu

Beautiful angel
Stranger standing still
Shining fire motionless still in your eyes
Your fingers on the piano play my heart
with all the mistakes I have been made to learn from

Frozen faces adorn the winter yards
with life kept awake in the darkness
After midnight as rose lips weaken
All the ice faces and broken bodies
came to life something you could not see

A song flew from the sky as we lay
Deep in peace with all the fallen
Leaves of autumn's crest
Yet without you, October's grace
Faints without color or storm

And the absence of breath
My only love to be found
In a lone dream of which your touch
Could still be felt though lost
Kept to be somewhere still yearning

Stephen Hutchison's Poetry Corner

Michael Humphreys: A Haiku

Michael Humphreys is
A very handsome man, and
I'm not even gay

I like CSI: A Haiku

CSI is good
William Petersen, yeah!
I like CSI



by Jennifer Charles

A Phone Date With Trevor Dunn Chandler Levack gets personal

Trevor Dunn has just finished his show in London, England and it is 2:30 in the morning. Amazingly, he is not asleep. But maybe it's because he's watching *American Graffiti* on television.

Thanks to George Lucas, I am able to speak over the phone to the former Mr. Bungle musician from California (now an inhabitant of New York City). And that's not the only band Dunn has ever been in. The 37-year-old bassist (upright and electric) has had an extremely varied resume since he started playing at age 13. His musical influences read like the back of a Columbia House record catalogue, ranging from his work in progressive rock band Mr. Bungle, to his collaboration with hard-core metal group Fantomas (with Slayer's Dave Lombardo) to his direction of the Trio-Convulsant, a jazz fusion band that opened for punk legends The Melvins last year (a group Dunn has also played with). Obviously, Trevor Dunn proves the theory that every band needs a good bass player.

"Sometimes my whole life feels like a side project. Even in terms of my personal life. Going on vacation feels like a side project. If I'm not playing music somewhere, I don't know where I am."

Dunn's newest side project is an acoustic bass and harp duo with long-time friend Shelly Burgeon. Sound like a deviation from hardcore metal? Trevor describes the band's sound in four words: "naked, exposed, subtle, and fragile." The two musicians met several years ago when Dunn and Burgeon still lived in Bay-Area San Francisco. After a few jam sessions, their compositions grew into a mixture between harp and bass-based harmony and free jazz improvisation.

"Both bass and harp are instruments which are usually buried behind others. But I find that both instruments are really rich in tone and that there's a lot of stuff that you can do with both of them, in terms of their dynamics, sound, and noise. They have an incredible range of low and high pitches. A lot of things get lost when I'm playing with larger groups so it's nice to perform in a duo setting.

"The process is quite a bit different. A lot of times when we've played acoustically it's been really quiet, almost verging on inaudible. I'd describe our sound as sort of chamber-esque. I mean, we're using two typically classical instruments but we are still trying to experiment with our technique, to explore the wide range of what our instruments can do. It's really the opposite end of something like Fantomas."

Trevor's first instrument was the clarinet, but it wasn't long before he grew to love everything about the bass guitar. Dunn lists the kinds of bands he was involved with in his university years; simultaneously, he performed in jazz trios, big bands, classical orchestras, a 50's rock bar band, and his progressive rock group, Mr. Bungle — which was signed to Warner and shortly developed a cult following.

"I love all different kinds of music, classical, jazz, rock, pop. And my record collection is the same way. I will listen to some Stravinsky" (Dunn is listening to a lot of his symphonies on Columbia), "or the new Meshuggah" (a Swedish metal band). "It's all music for me. I grew up playing rock and learning how to play jazz and getting into classical music and doing it all at the same time. I'm a jack-of-all-trades, master of none. That's a cliché. But all clichés have some truth to them.

"I still get nervous playing. These gigs I've done with the Melvins, I've never played with that kind of audience before. I try really hard not to be jaded and sometimes it's hard not to be. I still love music for the same reason that I did when I didn't even know what it was. I just have to remember why."

Still, Dunn remains excited about his new collaboration. "This project is something I've never done. Especially

when working as a duo, you're really exposed out there. You can't hide behind a drumbeat or feedback, like I've been able to do before.

"I guess I learned something a long time ago: that you can't please everyone. You just have to please yourself, and it feels really good to act on that."

From a partner with the notoriously loud (and frightening!) metal band Slayer to bass and harp compositions, one could expect some heavy audience connotations. How does Dunn's fan base react to his new project and to his past workings with varied musicians?

"Sometimes people will expect something from me and they're not happy. A lot of times when I'm on the road with Fantomas, people will shout out for Slayer and Melvins songs. And when I'm with other projects, they'll want Fantomas songs. Luckily, there's still people out there like me who are open-minded and appreciate all kinds of music. I don't think I could stick to one genre of music. I guess if I were really dead set on doing one thing, I'd be doing it. But I don't know if I'd be very good."

After all his experience in many genres, many settings, with many kinds of audiences — how does Dunn ultimately view music?

"Music is like a conversation where every one on the planet is different because the people are different. As long as you are expressing something that is true to yourself it's still going to be unique."

Dunn will continue to tour in the next few months across Europe with his jazz-rock group Trio Convulsant. In addition to touring, Dunn will record with the Melvins on their next album and tour in the states early next year. His next gig is

a wedding in New York City with the jazz quartet, Sex Mop. "Let's just say I go through lots of different phases." Trevor Dunn and Shelley Burgeon played Neutral (349A College) on Friday, October 14th.



Storm Warning Comes to Toronto

Kaitlin Bardswich interviews the cast of Norm Foster's comedic play

For many of us, World War II is just something we read about in our history books — at least, for those who are taking history. But, if we think about it, we are all still affected by WWII, as well as other wars Canada has fought in. Perhaps a grandparent fought in the field or, like in my case, was a nurse during that time. And even if we do not know someone directly who was impacted by a war, or who made an impact on one, we should all be grateful for those who fought for our country. I know it sounds clichéd, but really, we may be living very different lives if it wasn't for them. This year is the 60th anniversary of WWII's end, and it has also been declared the Year of the Veteran by Veteran Affairs Canada and Canada Remembers. As this is the Year of the Veteran, it's fitting that *Storm Warning*, a play by Norm Foster that tells the story of a WWII vet in 1953, opens on Remembrance Day.

"Out of the Norm" presents *Storm Warning*, a comedy by Norm Foster — one of Canada's most produced and most popular playwrights. After successful performances outside of Toronto, director Chris McHarge and perform-

ers Phi Bulani and Debra Hale bring Foster's story to life. And what exactly is this story? Well, the stage is set for 1953 with the character of Jack Forrester (played by Bulani), a WWII vet hiding out in a not exactly well-kept resort when he meets Emma Currie (personified by Hale), an "amphetamine-popping big band chart writer." With both comedy and drama flying about like birds (and bees? maybe), the storm approaches.

Norm Foster has written over 30 plays, including *Office Hours*, *Maggie's Getting Married*, *The Foursome*, and *Jasper Station*. Foster explains that *Storm Warning* is so close to his heart because it was conceived from things his father experienced in WWII. "I also enjoyed writing these two characters," Foster says, "because they were so new for me and as quite happens in writing, they took me places I hadn't expected to go."

And who are the actors who portray these beloved characters? "They work so well together," director Chris McHarge, who has directed over 60 productions, states about Phi Bulani and Debra Hale. Hale knew immediately that she wanted to play

Emma: "I saw a production of *Storm Warning* and knew within a few lines that I wanted to play this role." Bulani is also close to his character, saying, "Jack Forrester and I have several similarities. We both have secrets, we can give as good as we get, and we're philosophical."

Hale and Bulani love working on *Storm Warning*. Hale is particularly satisfied with McHarge's directing — "the bonus is Chris's ability to connect with the actors, open up the possibilities so we can really explore the work." As for Foster's hand in all of this, Bulani says, "what's really cool about working on a play by Foster is the accessibility factor, as an actor you have a lot of room to play [with], and it's a thrill to get on for the ride." Both Bulani and Hale agree that audiences should come to see *Storm Warning* because of its tender tale honouring the mystery of falling in love — something that can be "both charming and a little scary."

I'll be reviewing *Storm Warning* in the next issue of the Herald, so I recommend you go see it for yourself and then check to see if you agree with me!

Storm Warning runs from Friday November 11 to Saturday November 26 at the Walmer Centre, 188 Lowther Ave in Toronto. Tuesday-Saturday at 8pm, Wednesday and Thursday matinees at 2pm. Tuesdays are pay-what-you-can or \$15 in advance; all other performances are \$22. Call Arts Box Office 416-504-7529 for tickets.



The Word on the Street

Stephen Hutchison reviews Len's Haulage live at the Silver Dollar

Some of you may well have noticed the words "Len's Haulage" spray painted on sidewalks throughout the St. George Campus here at U of T. Len's Haulage is, in fact, not a moving company owned by *Herald* sex columnist Leonard Elias, but rather a Toronto-based indie rock band. Consisting of vocalist Michael Srobecchi, guitarist Mike Novalski, bassist Evan Cochrane, and "beamaster" Pete Niculescu, Len's Haulage arose from the broken fragments of other indie bands. "Sometimes," Srobecchi observes, "you have to love and lose in order to learn to love right." "That is," he adds, "in essence, Len's Haulage." For the band, all of whose members are recovering from the break down of previous musical projects, Len's Haulage represents a renewed, wiser, and more mature effort at music-making. "The industry," Novalski reflects, "is too hard to tackle if you have to protect yourself from

both the shady lawyers and from your friends stabbing you in the back".

The band is currently preparing to re-

lease its debut EP, *The Hope Museum*, due on December 10. In an effort to promote their new CD, Len's Haulage invited yours truly to



one of their concerts earlier this October, at the Silver Dollar on the corner of Spadina and College. Several other bands were playing as part of an indie-rock contest, the winner of which would receive a surprisingly small amount of money; the bands were in it not for the money but for the exposure. Unfortunately, many of the bands suffered from a disease that some may know as "generic syndrome." The symptoms of this condition include a misguided attempt to emulate more popular bands, producing a bland and unmemorable sound. I assure you that I would cite the offenders if only I could recall their names. It was therefore with some skepticism that I

awaited the performance of Len's Haulage.

What I heard after Len's Haulage took the stage was, however, a pleasant sur-

prise. Despite the wide range of groups, Len's Haulage easily stood out as a band with definite potential. Though satisfyingly high tempo, Len's Haulage's songs displayed an intriguing underlying emotional intensity. Moreover, the band members, particularly Novalski and Cochrane, displayed a very impressive level of technical skill with their respective instruments. A bass solo by Cochrane proved to be one of the highlights of the night, and I overheard listeners proclaiming Cochrane to the band's strongest performer. The band's wrenching emotion and technical proficiency culminated in the performance of "Limits", which caught my ear immediately as the band's strongest song. Interested readers should visit www.lenshaulage.com to download "Limits" to hear for themselves.

Len's Haulage will continue to play several more shows throughout the fall and winter of 2005. Concert goers can see them in Mississauga on Nov. 2 at The Sound Lounge and on Nov. 30 at Enfields; for downtowners, try Nov. 3 at the Bovine Sex Club, and Dec. 29 at Mitz's Sister. *The Hope Museum* will, I suspect, be worth picking up.

The Herald's New Book Section

Erin Rodgers tells us what should be on our bedside table

For the love of books!

We here at *Herald* headquarters love books. At home our bookshelves sag under the weight of our collections. However, we have recently come to the decision that it is not simply enough that we love books. Instead, we must make the campus at large love the books that we do. This section represents a kind of evangelical book movement. There are so many great books that seem to get lost in the fray every year, especially small press books and Canadian titles. That is why we have created this new section, to tell you, our readers, about some of the great (and occasionally not so great) books out there. We hope you enjoy it, but please don't blame us if you sleep through your morning class because you stayed up all night reading one of our suggestions.

The International Festival of Authors

Broke but love books? The International Festival of Authors at Harbourfront is offering students to enjoy the festival absolutely free! *The Herald* doesn't usually advertise but this is too good to pass up. Free tickets are available for readings, onstage interviews and roundtable discussions. Make sure to reserve early and show your student ID when picking up tickets. The festival runs from October 19-29th and you can order tickets at their website, www.harbourfrontcentre.com/ufafash/ticketorder/ticketorder.php or call them up at (416) 973-4000.

The Vanishing Man Aaron Buszkowsky Cormorant Books

"You can never truly escape your past." When these sage words of wisdom were imparted to me years ago I stupidly laughed them off as unimportant. In my defense, the advice was given to my entire high school health class as an attempt to curb future sexual promiscuity.

However, as I have learned over the years, no truer words have ever been spoken. Whether I like it or not, most of my current behavior is a reaction to experiences in childhood and my teenage years.

In *The Vanishing Man*, Aaron Buszkowsky shows that he understands this simple advice better than most. He presents us with several thematically similar narrators presenting stories from their past. By making the choice of not speaking in one sole voice, Buszkowsky presents us with how a series of men have dealt with and are still dealing with having grown up in intensely religious Christian families. The central theme seems to be the examination of how being forced by his parents to dress, act and speak in



a way that directly contradicts the norms of the day affected the lives of these narrators both as boys and later as men. These stories give the reader an insight into the lives of men who have left behind the beliefs of their childhood in an attempt to forge their own identity, and the perils and joys that journey entails.

Refreshingly, Buszkowsky does not present these men and their families as one-dimensional jokes to be pitied, or cruel zealots to be hated. Instead they are merely people who are capable of both beautiful and terrible things.

The Vanishing Man is perhaps most beautiful in its simplicity. The off-handed descriptions of waitresses in a café looking, at least for an instant, like a steroid-enhanced version of your own Mother. The one glorious moment that your Grandfather stood up to your Grandmother, even though she never forgave him for it. Buszkowsky has a deft touch. He knows when to break the readers heart and when to give them a much-needed laugh. In another writer's hand the book may seem morose, but Buszkowsky always offers his reader hope.

A beautiful book to be savored.

Ticknor Sheila Heti Anansi

Ticknor is the tale of historian George Ticknor and his interior monologue as he journeys to the house of his more successful and popular fellow historian and friend, William Prescott. While the premise seems simple, the book itself is one of the smartest and original *The Herald* has read all year. It is an all-access pass into the head of another human being complete with his neuroses, self-aggrandizing thoughts, and crippling self-doubt. Ticknor is a refreshingly realistic character, a man who both adores and envies his successful childhood friend.

The character is fully realized, and as the book continues you may find that he feels like an old friend, charming and infuriating you in almost equal measures. *Ticknor* is a book that you wish that you could write. Instead, just read it with a Ticknorian mix of love and anger.

Heti's writing is quick, clever and entertaining. She takes the seemingly dry subject of a friendship between two historians in the time before radio and makes it an examination of friendship, love, envy and fame. This is the book that you wish that you could write. Instead, just read it with a Ticknorian mix of love and anger.

Cinema Studies: Not Really About Movies! Film Editor Daniel dalimonte presents an idea

Do you know what a movie is? Do you know what a film is? What makes a movie a film? What kinds of films (and not movies) are there? The overarching question being: what is film? If you know the answer to this question, namely, that film is a much more diverse, interesting and far-reaching term than "movies," then you will not be surprised to learn half the things you will in Cinema Studies.

While the term "movies" encompasses the most popular type of film (narrative—*Broken Blossoms*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, *Memento*, *Close*), "film," also refers to alternative uses of the medium that stretch beyond the narrative cinema. Many films are not shown at your local theatre or available in video stores. For instance, the Avant-Garde movement of the past century relied upon a resistance to the Classical Code of Production, experimenting with various topics and aesthetics, to shock rather than please the viewer. Such films were hard to see during release and are next to impossible for the average person to see years later.

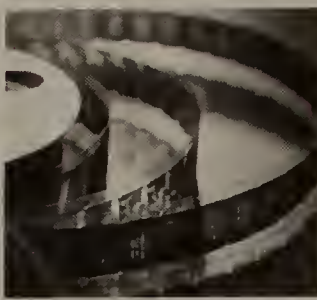
While it is true that Cinema Studies will open a student's eyes to film form (narrative and style) as well as the development of film from its inception in the 19th century (Edison's Kinetoscope and the Lumiere's shorts), to its current form, most students will be forced to realize that film exists outside of the theatre and beyond "the movies." A realistic foundation that allows for the inclusion of

the new forces of film is necessary, including video and other digital media.

Digital media—whether through computer animated films such as *Toy Story* and *The Incredibles* or the digital manipulation of characters in Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, or even the effects in music videos such as Aphex Twin's *Come to Daddy*—has ultimately altered the physical state, and is still in the process of shifting the direction of film. The recent boom in movie directors originating from music video production illustrates this. The point here is that while "movies" have remained the staple output of the film medium over time, other forms of film (that trace back to the avant-garde and Gunning's "Cinema of Attractions") exist as strong alternatives. In fact, film, which used to differ from video and other media through its superior quality (which digital editing can now mimic using programs such as "Magic Bullet") has succumbed to the digital revolution entirely (see *Star Wars III*, *Collateral*).

Increasingly, directors and producers are choosing to shoot and transfer high quality films at a fraction of the cost of 35 mm production. What I am trying to say is not that cinema has ended or changed so much, but instead that we must now accept the new digital medium that it has become. No longer is cinema "magical storytelling that is captured by light." Instead, cinema must now include the other forms of film that were in the past

pushed to the side as alternative or inferior. Music videos, for instance, used to run on late night television slots, but have now become a



highly-stylized type of film, due to the democratization of the medium. Today, many cutting-edge techniques are originating out of music videos, which have been using advanced equipment that narrative films are only now beginning to tap into. Moreover, while music videos remain on television and outside of the theatre, they are now shot on digital film, showcased in music video film festivals, and released on DVD, where they are played back on 16 x 19 high definition widescreen televisions. Digital

equipment is easier to use and more affordable than film, and has completed the widespread availability of film cameras and editing equipment. Today, anyone can produce a music video, and with some extra money a film. Whereas in the past movies were superior (in technical merit and aesthetics), today digital media has finally escalated to the point where music videos and documentaries, (which have traditionally always been tied to video) are merged with film simply due to the fact that movies must now accept digital over film. In other words, movies must follow into the digital world of music videos and other mediums in order to capitalize on the technology that videos have been employing for years with success. The major trend of music video directors turning to the narrative film industry is but one example of the power of the digital format.

As a cinema student, it is your responsibility to learn the history of cinema as it is dictated, mainly by classical and modern narratives (Studio system, Art Cinema). More importantly, however, it is in your best interest to develop your understanding of cinema to fully encompass the film medium, which contains narrative films, experimental films and music videos (to name a few), which have now become characteristic of the new digital medium. Cinema can no longer refer exclusively to the feature film.

Foreign Delicacies Marc Saint-Cyr satisfies your "ultra-violent fetishes"

At the end of October, Lion's Gate Films released (in limited availability)



films' diabolically clever plotlines to their ever-present themes of suffering and revenge, Park's style is operatic, compelling and elegant. *Oldboy* is, in fact, part II of Park's "revenge trilogy", which began with *Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance* (which will be coming to North America on DVD on Nov. 22nd) and concludes with *Sympathy for Lady Vengeance* (which will

out-do those of the American director. The thing about Miike that you have to be most aware of is that he's a master genre twister. Take his masterpiece, *Ichii the Killer*, which sends the gangster movie headfirst into a rabbit-hole of the perverse. *Dead or Alive* takes the average cop thriller and kicks it into hyperviolent overdrive within the first 10 minutes. *Audition* is probably what would've happened if Hitchcock ever directed a date movie while on an unhealthy diet of LSD. *Visitor Q* is such a wonderfully fucked-up portrait of family dysfunction it

As for Hong Kong's representative in *Three...Extremes*, Fruit Chan...Well, truth be told, I know absolutely nothing about him. But seeing as how he's a) apparently one of the strongest figures in Hong Kong cinema today, and b) been grouped together with Park and Miike, I'm definitely intrigued to see some of his work. After all, it's always good to try something new.

In conclusion, if you are one of those people who still places Quentin Tarantino on a pedestal, who *still* repeatedly watches *Kill Bill* and *Sin City* to satisfy your ultra-violent fetishes, go do yourself a favor and check out these wonderful directors. Now.

Three...Extremes, a horror anthology composed by Asian directors Chanwook Park, Takashi Miike, and Fruit Chan. The film's release to North American audiences in time for Halloween says something about the recent craze for Asian films...and no, I'm not talking about that *Crouching Tiger* stuff. To celebrate this recent productions of Asian independent cinema, here's a profile of the contributors to *Three...Extremes*.

By now, everyone has either seen or heard about Chanwook Park's action masterpiece *Oldboy*. Park truly is the Korean Shakespeare for today's audiences. From his use of classical music to his

open to western screens on Feb. 3rd, 2006).

Just as deserving of your attention is Takashi Miike, who has been described many times as the Japanese Quentin Tarantino. I'd agree with this, except a) nowadays Tarantino only makes a movie every 5 or 6 years, whereas Miike makes 5 or 6 movies every year, and b) Miike's movies are so over-the-top, so extreme, that they really



makes *American Beauty*'s Burnham clan look like *Leave it to Beaver*. You really have to see a Takashi Miike movie to believe it.



THREE... EXTREMES

Harry Potter: Goblet of Fire Preview Vincent Lau is truly excited

I am antsy, I am pumped, I am psyched. Even before the release of *Harry Potter & the Goblet of Fire* (November 18th, 2005), I am dizzy with anticipation. The adventures continue with Ron, Hermione, and most importantly, Harry in the Tri-wizard Tournament. I truly enjoy the novels that J.K. Rowling produces, allowing me to escape reality and use my

imagination in her little world, but I also enjoy the film-makers bringing the story to the silver screen. I enjoy seeing actual emotion acted out before me. Furthermore, and most importantly, I enjoy watching the likes of Daniel Radcliffe, Emma Watson and Rupert Grint. Seeing them grow and blossom right before our very eyes is a treat. One can only hope that they continue to stay with the *Harry Potter* franchise, and are not replaced by other child actors. Harry is becoming more and more confident (and might I say, more badass as well, something I admire about him), and Hermione is becoming quite the stunning young woman, both strong and beautiful.

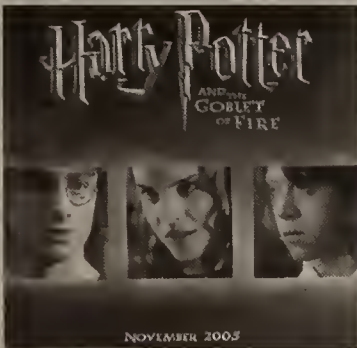
I can barely contain my excitement. I've seen three trailers for this film, and they are absolutely gratifying. The story picks up with our young hero Harry Potter at age fourteen. He is about to leave Muggle relatives in a couple

of weeks to return to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, but one night Harry has a disturbing vision. Knowing that Lord Voldemort and his sinister familiars the Death Eaters are out to get him, Harry is understandably on edge. He contacts his godfather, Sirius Black, for help.

Once at school, Harry is called forth to compete in the Tri-wizard Tournament, hosted by Hogwarts this year. He faces off against other young wizards in a series of magical contests. The victor shall receive eternal glory and prize money for winning the tournament. That should whet your appetite. I will not reveal anymore, so as not to spoil

the movie.

I look forward to seeing this film. This is the first installment in the Harry Potter series where someone actually dies. This foreshadows later deaths by other characters later in the series. Although I have read the book, and I know what's going to happen, sometimes seeing the movie just to view the journey is just as sweet. I thoroughly encourage everyone to join me on that day to watch the saga continue.



A History of Violence

Jacob Stein reviews the movie everyone's talking about

The title of David Cronenberg's latest film is *A History of Violence*. Judging that the film contains very little history or back-story and isn't excessively violent by today's Hollywood standards one can say the title is a misnomer. Provocative titles are something Cronenberg is known for. A few of his other films include *Crash*, *M. Butterfly*, *Videodrome*, and

Dead Ringers. *A History of Violence* functions on the level of suggestion, much like his other films. Some people will see this film, and feel misled by the hype surrounding the movie, this includes die-hard Cronenberg fans, while others including the critics will be satisfied by subtle performances and the character study. *A History of Violence* seems destined to polarize its critical audience, while the majority of its average viewers will have mixed reactions to the film.

The premise of the film involves a restaurant owner named Tom Stall, played by Viggo Mortensen. Tom is a loving husband and father whose sordid past comes back to haunt him when his hometown, any town USA, is randomly descended upon by two murderous marauders in the opening act of the film. Similarly, in act two, a group of thugs from Tom's past invade his 'new' life after recognizing him on TV. Already, the credibility of such a sequence of events happening is thin. Nevertheless, the gangsters must get their comeuppance after Tom's son blasts the one-eyed face of organized crime, played here by Ed Harris in his Joe Pesci wannabe mode, with his father's shotgun. So far so good, but just as you think the film is winding down at the hour

mark it takes yet another twist. For the film to wrap up, Tom must first settle a score with his estranged criminal brother in Philadelphia. Don't give up yet. This last act proves to be the most effective of the film. It is here that Cronenberg's ability to convey mood and atmosphere shines. After Tom meets his brother in a man-

sion straight out of *Eyes Wide Shut*, the film regains footing on solid ground, and the question of Tom's duplicity, the major theme of the film, emerges. Cruise control sets in after the tense final act and things end far too normally for such a strange film.

So everyone goes home happy to their subdivision lives, with their quaint homes, their kids and dog and everything is copasetic right? OR IS IT? In *A History of Violence*, criminality lurks beneath the surface of people's lives and ultimately, neither violence nor history can erase the memory of that trauma.



The Exorcism of Emily Rose Marco Covi reviews the horrifying courtroom drama

Let's face it, when it comes to mainstream horror flicks nowadays, the originality is lacking. *The Ring 2* was nothing special, neither was *Boogymon* or *House of Wax* and *War of the Worlds*. ...forget I even mentioned it since HG Wells is probably rolling in his grave by now. Cynical as it may sound it would be wrong to deny that horror flicks have been lackluster recently. This new flick, however, is a tad more refreshing because it offers a documentary style rendition with fictitious characters that portray a true story that takes place in the 1970's. *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* is a step forward in creativity, albeit not a huge leap for mainstream horror films.

Eria Brunner (Laura Linney) is an emerging defence lawyer whose ambition lands her the job of defending Father Moore (Tom

Wilkinson), a catholic priest who performed an exorcism on the victim Emily Rose (Jennifer Carpenter) before she died. The prosecution

vows to put father Moore in jail for fusing what they believe were unconventional practices resulting in her death. Brunner finds herself in a tight situation and in an even tighter one when she promises to let Moore tell his account of the exorcism, which she believes, will destroy their case. As the gripping tale unfolds from the wit-

ness stand and as a vast array of the legal arsenal is deployed from the defence to the prosecution and back, Linney becomes emotionally overwhelmed in the case. After finding compelling evidence, she starts to believe that Rose didn't have a medical condition after all. She

starts questioning her agnostic faith when a variety of strange events take place during the trial. At the end of the movie, Linney becomes distrustful of the rational way in which modern society deals with the paranormal and the film also leaves its viewers with the frightening message that not everything in this world has a rational explanation.

Whether we think this is a tool for conservative Christian recruitment or not, we can't really deny what happened since the film is based on, for the most part, a true story. This is what is the most frightening of all the aspects in this film. The cast was brilliant and Carpenter was especially versatile as she was able to switch from the innocent, meek Emily, to the embodiment of six demons alien at the drop of a dime. The special effects weren't incredible and neither was the script. There were only a couple of scenes that made me jump out of my seat so overall I wouldn't rate this movie very high on the scare-factor. While the

director, Scott Derrickson might not be the next M. Night Shyamalan, the film leaves us quite poignantly with a refreshing take-home question that most current horror flicks lack: we can



try to deny the irrational world all we want but when the paranormal actually involves us personally, how will we respond?

Worth watching, but not worth seeing it at the movies: wait until it comes out on DVD.

Where the Turd Floats

David Humphreys is less than impressed with *Where the Truth Lies*

In 1994, Atom Egoyan made *Exotica*, a virtuosic *tour de force* of non-linear narration and the single best film ever set inside a strip club. Three years later, Egoyan surpassed himself with *The Sweet Hereafter*, an emotionally devastating masterpiece that is commonly regarded one of the greatest films of the last twenty years. Perhaps in an effort to rescind these back-to-back successes, Egoyan has now made two terrible films in a row. First came *Ararat*, an amateurish, meandering mess that ambitiously pursued multiple story threads but went nowhere, and now comes *Where the Truth Lies*, a more professional, but equally meandering journey to an equally unsatisfying conclusion. Whereas *Ararat* at least had something interesting to say about the Armenian genocide, *Where the Truth Lies* is a slight, empty film, which says relatively little and takes its time saying it.

The film is about an ambitious young reporter (Alison Lohman) who investigates the mysterious death of a hotel employee, which may or may not have involved a pair of famous stand-up comedians (Kevin Bacon and Colin Firth). Over the course of the film, we hear several competing accounts of how the woman died—a storytelling technique which could have been compelling had *Rashomon* not been made fifty-five years earlier. Although the competing accounts diverge on key details, they all share the common element of sleaze. The

film is really rather sleazy. It doesn't take long for the reporter—and by extension the audience—to become immersed in the sordid, intoxicating world of sex, drugs, and telethons. It is here that Egoyan contemplates the issue of fame and what it means to live a barrier-free, hyper-lavish lifestyle. Unfortunately, Egoyan is too busy pursuing his pedestrian murder mystery to engage with the subject matter in a mean-



ingful way, and as a result, the film becomes a substantial meditation on the topic much like Woody Allen's *Celebrity* or Denys Arcand's *Stardom* (which is to say not very).

All of this would be fine if the film had an absorbing plot. It doesn't. The story hazily unfurls in fits and starts, constantly

twisting and turning with little reason or purpose. When it's finally revealed that it was the butler who committed the murder, one can't help but feel cheated for having taken such a laborious path to such a dull cliché. In this regard, watching *Where the Truth Lies* is a bit like taking a series of back roads to Rochester. It's a long, tiresome trip to an irritating place that everyone hates.

A few words must be said about one of the most fatal instances of miscasting to afflict a movie in recent years. While Bacon and Firth are both superb in their respective roles, it is impossible to accept Alison Lohman as an adult. Her character is supposed to be twenty-six years old, but she looks like she's sixteen and acts as if she's twelve. The result of this is that the film inadvertently evokes the disquieting strangeness of Luis

Bunuel's *Land Without Bread*, particularly the moment where a small boy smiles into the camera and the narrator bizarrely intones, "This man is thirty-eight years old." There is no way that the small boy could be thirty-eight years old, and there is no way that Alison Lohman could

be twenty-six. Although disconcerting at first, one can begin to imagine why Egoyan cast Lohman. By placing a heroine that appears to be out of YTV's Saturday morning programming into a sordid Hollywood sleaze-ploitation film, Egoyan manages to add yet another vulnerable woman-child into an oeuvre already cluttered with vulnerable women-children. The advantage of this is that it adds a certain tonal and thematic consistency to his career. The disadvantage of this is that the film is absurd and doesn't make sense.

Despite these numerous flaws, there are three good reasons to see *Where the Truth Lies*. The first, of course, is Firth. Seeing the actor who played Mr. Darcy participate in drug-fueled orgies is a bizarre, unsettling experience, which for fans of *Pride and Prejudice* will seem like a hallucination or perverted fever dream. The second reason is Don McKellar. Although he's only in the film for a minute or two, McKellar's 1970s sideburns and mustache completely steal the show. A film based entirely around his character would have been far more compelling. Finally, the film contains some fairly graphic girl-on-girl action. So...

Oddly enough, graphic lesbian sex and a brief appearance by Don McKellar are also the only redeeming qualities of the similarly terrible *When Night is Falling*.

The Truth About Showbiz

Film Regular Marc Saint-Cyr summarizes and reviews an evening with Robert Lantos

Robert Lantos:

In October members of the Cinema Studies program and Drama Society were treated to a screening of the new Atom Egoyan film *Where the Truth Lies*, followed by a special visit from the film's producer, Robert Lantos. Mr. Lantos, who has produced a number of Canadian films (including *The Sweet Hereafter*, *exXistenZ*, and *Men With Brooms*), opened his experience and knowledge of the film industry to the floor and addressed some interesting topics:



Race:

According to Mr. Lantos, there are actually two Canadian film industries to consider: the English-speaking one, and the Quebec industry. The latter actually gets tons of local support in the production and distribution of its films, and therefore has much more power and freedom. English Canada, on the other hand, is the opposite due to its relationship to (and competition with) the U.S. film industry. Because so many films and T.V. shows we watch come from down south, the majority of Canadian material is completely overwhelmed and/or neglected. The Quebec industry, on the other hand, is mostly unaffected due to the language barrier.

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The Problem and the Solution:

One of the Canadian film industry's main problems that Mr. Lantos addressed is the public's fixation with the auteur. Contrary to popular belief, we actually have lots and lots of film directors out there; yet we only have a few better-known film auteurs (most notably Atom Egoyan and David Cronenberg). This

fixation pretty much drove out Canadian film producers either to the States to become production managers or to the television industry. The solution to this problem? Mr. Lantos emphasized that there needs to be a bigger focus on the overall *excellence* of a film, rather than other obligatory, extraneous criteria (such as regionalism, gender and race). That seems to be the simple thing the Canuck industry has overlooked: the making of films people actually want to see and be entertained by.

Men With Brooms:

Years ago, Mr. Lantos set out to support a "capital-C" Canadian film that would also appeal to mainstream audiences. The result was *Men With Brooms*, starring, directed and co-written by Canadian icon Paul Gross. Oddly enough, *Men With Brooms* was most popular in places that had had little to no exposure to Canadian film in the past. For example, apparently it was a really big hit in South Korea of all places! Who'd-a-thunk it?

Where the Truth Lies and Beyond:

During his appearance, Mr. Lantos made the distinction that, by Hollywood standards, he is a complete outsider who isn't afraid to work on projects that others wouldn't poke with a 39-foot pole. He used *Where the Truth Lies* as an example in that, although it looks

like the most mainstream of Atom Egoyan's films released thus far, it has a very non-formulaic structure, a small marketing audience, and is better classified as an art-house film. Mr. Lantos expressed his desire to work on more mainstream projects in the future, and indicated *Fugitive Pieces* (based on the book by Anne Michaels) as his next project.



Where the Truth Lies—Film Review

Atom Egoyan's latest film is a fascinating look at the dark side of the glitz and glamour lifestyle of showbiz. This is a movie for every person who's devotion to a childhood hero has been traumatically shattered by the sordid ugliness of reality.

...Continued on next page

Do you Like Scary Movies?

Daniel dalimonte highlights eleven scary moments in cinema

1) The Worlds Gone Mad, *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946): 2/3rds of the way through the film George Bailey is forced to see how his world would exist without him. When he realizes how terrible it is, he freezes and looks directly into the camera as it dollies into his face.

The sweat in his hair, the fear in his eyes and most of all, the distorted presentation of the usually picturesque James Stewart amount to a shocking image for a film that is shown repeatedly during the holiday season.

2) Michael Myers first encounter with Laurie Strode, *Halloween* (1978): In this scene, Myers throws a bed sheet over his head, and quickly kills Lynda after she calls Laurie (since she thinks the figure underneath the drape is her silly boyfriend who is playing a trick on her). Once Laurie picks up the phone, she hears what she thinks is Lynda and her boyfriend when in fact Myers is choking Lynda. She begs for an explanation when all of a sudden, the huffing stops (Lynda dies) and Michael picks up the receiver. For a few seconds we see Laurie and Michael holding a phone, the only thing, we now realize, that is separating the monster from his prey. This scene is also important as it marks the first true interaction between brother and sister than continues through to *Halloween Resurrection* and possibly *Halloween 9*.

3) Spider Walk, *The Exorcist* (1973): In the Special Edition DVD of the film, a scene is added where Regan runs down the stairs on all four limbs (her arms in front and chest facing the ceiling). The make up and spider walk make her look like anything but a sick little girl.

4) The Overlook Hotel, *The Shining* (1980): Pick any scene.

5) Shower Scene, *Psycho* (1960): Do I really need to give a description of this infamous scene? Maybe I'll expand on the details you may have missed...once the curtain is opened and we see the killer's face, if you look close enough

you see the blackest eyes in the face of the silhouette.

6) Where's the Remote? *Stir of Eebies* (1999): Even though the *Sixth Sense* beat this film for an earlier release date, *Stir of Eebies* has plenty of scenes that outdo any found in *Sixth Sense*. For instance, when Tom (Kevin Bacon) sits on his couch in a daze, turns to grab the remote only to be shocked by the company of a ghost who needs his help.

7) The God's Hands Serial Killer, *Frailty* (2001): By far one of the scariest films in the last 10 years, *Frailty* will be remembered (if at all) for its terrifying representation of the killers "visions" whenever he touches his victims with his gloves before murdering them.

8) Say Cheese! *One Hour Photo* (2002): If it isn't scary enough to see the blue genie from Aladdin play a film developer who stalks a family, then refer to Mark Romanek's quick insert near the end of the film (before Sy goes nuts). Here we see Sy standing in front of the camera when he screams and his eyes start gushing copious amounts of blood.

9) The Man Behind Winkies, *Mulholland Dr.* (2001): We have no idea what the hell is happening when we are following the meeting between a nerdy-looking man and his friend at Winkies. After the viewer is told about a nightmare that one of them is having about a mysterious person behind the restaurant, we follow them outside in a slow and slightly shaky tracking shot around the back of Winkies. Here, the camera stops at a corner and the face of the scariest thing I have ever seen creeps into the frame from off-screen left (I am guessing it's off-screen left since I am to afraid to go back and watch this scene again).

10) Alien Crossing, *Signs* (2002): Even though *Sixth Sense* was a smash hit (and made Bruce Willis over 100 million dollars), *Signs* is the film where we can find Shyamalan's scariest scene. When Merrill (Joaquin Phoenix) is watching a newscast that "as far as we know is genuine," we are given the

point of view of a South American father who is videotaping his child's birthday amidst unusually windy weather. The hand held shot takes us to the back of a balcony to a gathering of children who are screaming after witnessing something out of the ordinary. Shyamalan focuses the frame in between a bushel of trees on the right and a house on the left. We wait for a couple of seconds before a large green alien quickly walks across the space we're looking at. The newscast rewinds the footage and freezes it at the precise moment when we get a clear view of the intruder, who is giving us a quick glance.

11) Do You Want To Play With Me? *Frankenstein* (1931): When the monster escapes, he comes across a child who is all by herself. After kneeling down behind the little girl, we follow Frankenstein as the child teaches him how to create "boats" (floating flowers) by throwing flowers into the lake. After he runs out of flowers, Franken-

stein picks up his new friend and throws her into the lake, drowning her. Frustrated with the loss of beauty he had just discovered, Frankenstein storms away in a rage.

12) It's Alive, *The Ring* (2002): In one of the most recent scenes of terror to be shown across theatres, Noah (Martin Henderson) watches his television set as he sees Samara (Daveigh Chase), completely wet with her long black hair covering her face, slowly appear out of a well. As the scene intensifies, Samara walks closer and closer to the camera (TV set) until she gets on her knees and crawls through the frame and into his loft. If this isn't scary enough, Gore Verbinski reveals the hideous face of Samara just before she kills her victim.

Who said a film had to be beautiful?



The Truth About Showbiz

...Continued from Page 16

Personally, I see this film as 1/3rd *Goodfellas*, 1/3rd *Citizen Kane*, and 1/3rd old-fashioned locked-room murder mystery. Like a *Scorese* film, *Truth* delves into the rise to fame and all the perks (and corruption) that come with it. In some parts, Kevin Bacon and Colin Firth's twin narration almost sounds like it's being done by De Niro and Pesci as it describes their God-like fame as television icons Lanny Morris and Vince Collins. The 1950s sequences are wonderfully done here, presenting to the audience a hazy Technicolor dream world full of champagne, pills and snazzy showbiz personas.

Alison Lohman pulls a decent performance as Karen O' Connor, the journalist who's hell-bent on finding the truth behind a murder mystery that revolves around a dead girl found in the stars' hotel room. The film is a lot like *Kane* in that O' Connor explores every possible facet behind the mystery (though at one point, the movie heads into *Fear and Loathing* territory in one trippy drug-

induced sex sequence). The tide itself spells out the ultimate goal that every true journalist covets while covering a story, and you can see this in spades in Lohman's performance.

Bacon and Firth are great fun to watch as the T.V. superstars. I was most impressed by Firth, who managed to shed his

English goofball image with his mostly serious (and sometimes nasty) portrayal of Vince Collins.

The movie's biggest fault is its lack of true emotional resonance. Throughout the film, I didn't really feel that connected to the characters, fascinated as they were to watch. Regardless, you should go check out the movie for its decent performances, pretty cinematography and themes of fame and disillusionment. As for that big fuss about the NC-17 rating, I didn't think it was that big a deal...but that's just me. Go judge it for yourself!



Shadow of a Dark Knight James Kang reviews *Batman Begins*

It was a Friday and it was cool outside. I remember it well because a man walked out of the local theatre and said, "that movie was good, now do you guys wanna eat Burger King?" *Batman Begins* deserves more of a discussion than an aside in a conversation concerning late night munchies.

Batman Begins had just been released amidst a storm of "summer blockbusters" and was destined to clean house. It did, as it was the third highest grossing film during a *Star Wars* summer. However, I reason that this is not because of the elaborate sets or the outstanding cast, but a great deal more.

The story of *Batman* was gripping. If you think about it, *Batman* is a characterization of what every young person is: angry, confused and searching for answers. It's re-

latable to a certain degree. Secretly it is the fantasy of every male aged 15-35.

The story is romantic. It deals with a billionaire playboy who devotes his life to fighting evil. Even cooler is that *Batman* wears this kick-ass costume and drives a fast car with terrible gas mileage.

It's almost poetic, his parents are murdered by a common felon. *Batman's* kick lies in the fact that it isn't an "evil arch nemesis" that creates him; it wasn't "The Joker" or "The Penguin", it was society. The city had created the killers, bred them through poverty and drugs, creating

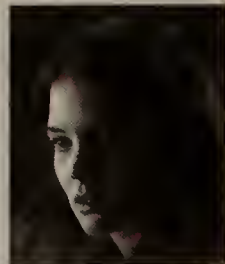
desperation. *Batman* essentially does not fight against a human foe but the very same city he fights to protect.

The dichotomy that *Batman* creates is brilliant. Who is the real man? Rachel Dawes

(Katie Holmes) says that Bruce Wayne is the mask and that *Batman* is the real man. If you think about it, she's right. Bruce Wayne's devotion to fight injustice has become his true identity. It is what people know him as, it is what people identify him with, the shadow of the bat.

Gotham City is his kingdom, and thus *Batman* is the Dark Knight that serves and protects it.

He took something and made it bigger. As a symbol, Bruce Wayne says he is incorruptible and therefore becomes something "more". This is important, because "it's not who you are underneath, but what you do that defines you." *Batman Begins* is a message about moving on, about doing something and being something. These are good words; ones to take with you along the perilous journey towards the future.



Movies About Movies

Upcoming Free Friday Films to Keep An Eye On
Brought to you by CINSSU



November 11th *Sunset Boulevard*

If you're able to make it out to one Free Friday this semester, it would be a good bet to attend this screening.

Reason to see this film: you're an idiot if you don't.



November 18th Double Screening:
State and Main and *The Stunt Man*
Reason to see these films: They're Free!



November 25th *Ed Wood*

Film covering the times of the trash moviemaker.

Reason to see this film: cameo appearance by Vince D'Onofrio as Orson Welles.



Token pretty picture: "Train station" by Gillian Cerbu



Note: Computer not exactly as shown (ours is a slightly newer model).

Free CDs anyone?

Come to our office, sift through the pile of
obscurity and take one off our hands



This space reserved for you:

Write or draw for The Innis Herald

innis.herald@utoronto.ca

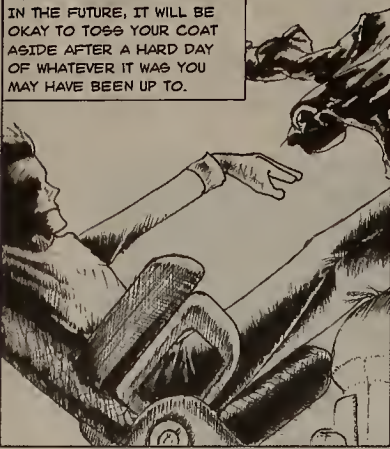
Look at this page. It could have been full of articles about film. It could have been full of articles *you* wrote about film. It could have been full of articles about film, written by you and read by many. Instead, it has a bunch of ads that no one really wants to read but we had to put here because *you* chose not to submit any film articles. It was almost full of pictures of us, doing *Herald-y* things. No one wants that to happen, so what the hell are you waiting for?

Send your film articles to: heraldfilm@yahoo.ca

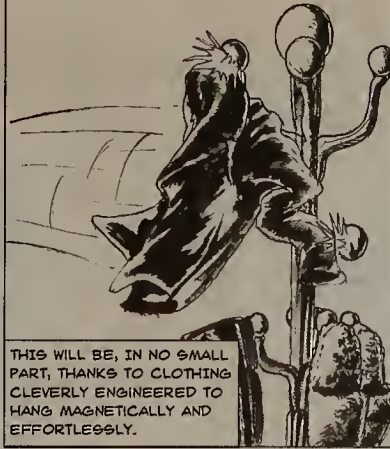
...or else

NMR by Kevin Yao

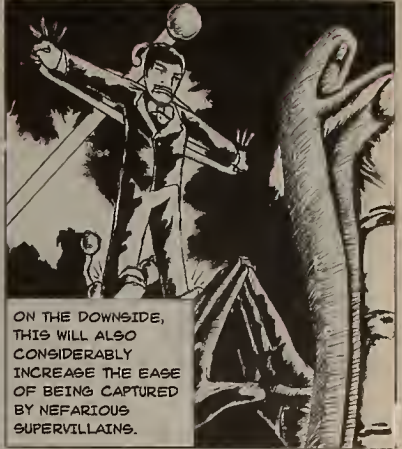
IN THE FUTURE, IT WILL BE
OKAY TO TOSS YOUR COAT
ASIDE AFTER A HARD DAY
OF WHATEVER IT WAS YOU
MAY HAVE BEEN UP TO.



THIS WILL BE, IN NO SMALL PART, THANKS TO CLOTHING CLEVERLY ENGINEERED TO HANG MAGNETICALLY AND EFFORTLESSLY.



ON THE DOWNSIDE,
THIS WILL ALSO
CONSIDERABLY
INCREASE THE EASE
OF BEING CAPTURED
BY NEFARIOUS
SUPERVILLAINS.

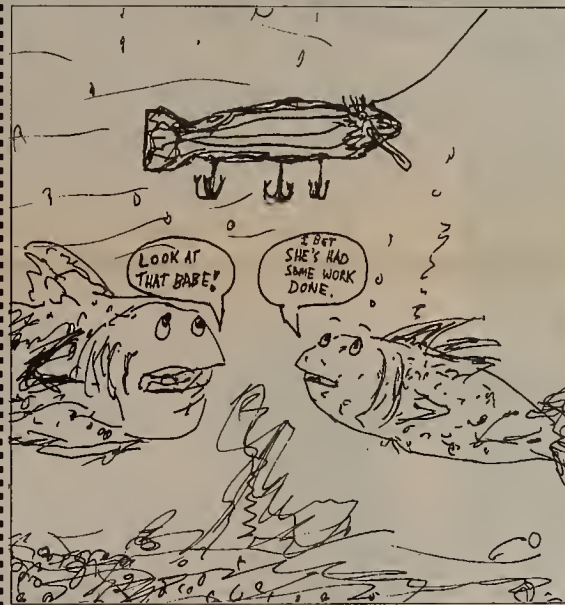


Dirty-word Search

Todd Viener asks:

Is your mind dirty enough to find all 16 phallic synonyms?

T	P	E	N	I	S	E	M	Y	D	D	L	P	A	R
B	U	E	N	X	P	E	F	R	Z	O	L	Y	M	R
K	C	O	B	B	M	F	O	W	E	N	I	L	H	E
S	B	R	R	B	I	W	L	X	I	G	R	A	Q	N
C	R	P	E	T	S	W	M	A	A	L	D	U	B	I
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EXCUSE ME,
BUT I THINK
YOU NEED
THERAPY.



Keith
Urquhart



by Keith Urquhart